

To my Friend
J. F. SOUTHGATE ESQ.



IN THE FOREST WILD

by

E. H. OSBORN.

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T H E F O R E S T W I L D .

E. H. Osborn, Op. 6.

Con Espress.

In the forest wild I shoot the stag, Or the roe - - buck bounding free; The

ea - gle on the mountain crag, The wild duck on the sea With certain

aim I kill my game, Where I with rifle rove. And yet this

Cantabile. *dim.*

wild heart once was tame, And felt the power of love.

pp 8va

hawk is my sen-ti-nel, The wolf still guards my bounds; The

Ped. *2d v.*

oft I camp in winter drear, By night and storm alone; And

Ped. 1

night I pass without a yell, The day midst barking hounds For feather

lay my head without a fear, Up - on the snowclad stone. A thorny

rare I ev-er wear ▲ fir twig from the grove; Yet once I

bed I ne-ver dread, Though winds blow cold a-bove; And yet this

Cantabile. dim.

had a la-dy fair, And felt the pow' of love.

heart so still and dead, Has felt the pow' of love. 8va

pp

loco. Ped. Ped. Ped. *

